

Pam  
Negroes



by

MARION CUTHBERT

To

Hilda Liebrich

from

Marion Culbert

Christmas 1933

# JULIETTE DERRICOTTE

By

MARION CUTHBERT

1933

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*Dedicated to*  
LESLIE BLANCHARD

JULIETTE DERRICOTTE was born in Athens, Georgia, April 1, 1897. She was graduated from Talladega College in Alabama and later received an M.A. degree from Columbia University. For eleven years she was a secretary of the National Student Council of the Young Women's Christian Association. During that time she became a member of the General Committee of the World's Student Christian Federation and made a trip around the world, addressing students of colleges and universities in many European and oriental countries. In 1929 she went to Fisk University as dean of women, and in 1930 became a member-at-large of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations. Her rarely beautiful life came to an untimely end on November 7, 1931, as a result of injuries suffered on the previous day in an automobile accident.

I SHALL, above everything else, remember her for her quality of true friendship; such a quality is so rare, so necessary, and so seldom found in any real and enduring sense, that Juliette Derricotte's conception and practice of it constitute one of her unique gifts to our time. Our race could ill afford to lose such a gifted member; the larger human and spiritual cause which she served transcending race and nation, is now without one of its strongest and proved advocates; the realm of friendship has in its ranks an empty place because we mourn the untimely death of this sweet and gentle soul.

MAX YERGAN.





## FOREWORD

This interpretation of the life of Juliette Derricotte was done at the suggestion of Juanita Saddler, long her intimate friend and one who knew the value of Juliette Derricotte's personality and abilities to the Student Movement and to the cause of understanding between the races as few of her associates did.

Miss Saddler collected the letters and other information out of which these sketches were made. She gave most liberally of her time and advice in the selection of the approach and the incidents to be used. It is not too much to say that without her stimulus and kindly counsel this brief interpretation would not have been attempted, or, if attempted, would have lacked a faithfulness in portrayal which could come only from one anxious to have the world know better a great personality and a gracious friend.

MARION CUTHBERT.

September 2, 1933.



IT was too bad, thought the six-year-old Juliette, that a little dog like Screw could see only the tops of boxes and sacks on the floor of the store. Of course he could wriggle in and out between the sacks and go back behind the big barrels, but he could not see on top of the counter, where the storekeeper had put a roll of bright-colored cloth, a small sack of white flour and a paper of buttons for a customer.

What would her mother buy? She tugged at her mother's apron to ask the question, but her mother just patted her on the head as she took the place at the counter left by the departing customer.

"Yes, ma'am," said the storekeeper, putting a stub of pencil behind his ear. He looked at her mother pleasantly, then his glance fell on the little girl whose head just topped the counter, and a curious look came over his face. The good-natured smile went away, and he turned from the little girl and her mother to a new customer who had just come in.

"What'll you all have?" he said to the newcomer, who pushed up to the counter, while Juliette's mother stepped back.

Afterward, when the man was served, her mother stepped again to the counter and got her things. Juliette tried to think how to ask her mother what it was that made the storekeeper wait on somebody else after he saw her. But she could not think how to say it. She munched thoughtfully on the stick of peppermint candy which was sometimes the additional pleasure to that of a trip to the store with her mother. She looked up at her mother's face. It was fair. Like the storekeeper's and the man who had pushed to the counter. Her mother was holding her lips in as if she were hurt. Perhaps she was tired. It was hot in the dusty road.

When they reached the house Juliette climbed up in a kitchen chair to see herself in the mirror. She saw a round, sandy-colored face, two laughing eyes, two frizzy plaits of hair. It seemed a perfectly good face to the little girl, so she embraced the opportunity to practise making faces the way her brother did. She forgot to think about the storekeeper in this pleasant business of wrinkling the nose and twisting the mouth, and after a little bit she climbed down and ran outdoors to play.



The little Juliette was to remember long afterward this particular day and the particular stab of pain which this new truth was causing her. She looked at the red brick and the familiar windows of Lucy Cobb Institute and tried to set her childish lips in defiance and self-control, but the lips quivered in spite of herself and her eyes were hot and smarting as she turned and ran down the long shady street. There was a loose piece in the boardwalk and she tripped and fell; she did not get up at once but broke suddenly into a passionate sobbing. One of the girls of the school, cool and fresh in flowered organdie and flopping hat, was hurrying up the street to class. She saw the fallen child and with the impulse of fifteen summers started to cross and help, but she checked herself and with something flint-like in her face, oddly unbecoming to her soft brown eyes, kept on her way. After all, one of the Lucy Cobb girls did not stop to help nigger children who cried over bruised knees.

Would she have stopped if she had known it was a bruised heart?

How was this dainty, lovely girl of the South to know that the little brown girl who was crying as if her heart would break was realizing for the first time the bitterness of color, and that this realization had come about in connection with the Lucy Cobb Institute itself?

Juliette's mother had told her that she could not go to Lucy Cobb Institute. For two long years Juliette had nourished that ambition. She spoke of it to her mother several times, but her mother had told

her that it was impossible. Juliette knew about mothers, though—things were always impossible until the time came for them to happen; then they did. There were the red hair-ribbons when she was only seven and had to speak at the Easter Sunday school program. There was the bright plaid dress under the Christmas tree when she was nine. There was the whole dollar on her last birthday, to buy "important and private" things—twenty-five whole cents had gone into a stiff-backed notebook, her diary. And now that she was eleven she could not believe that somehow her mother would not be able to send her to the select school for girls. Somehow she knew her mother would get the money; somehow organdies and lawns would take the place of gingham; school days, instead of terminating with the grades of the colored school, would go on, and she, Juliette, would go far and far into that fascinating world of books, that always-beyond land of learning.

"Juliette, you can't go to Lucy Cobb because you are colored."

Oh, little black and brown waifs of this our civilization! Oh, bitter day of childhood misery! The sickening truth pointed to spear a dream! Not that from the first toddling years you had not somehow known that you were different; not that you had not noticed the cautious and timid life of mother and father as they brushed the outskirts of the white world! But on that day when your own dream of life was just flowering, to have its sweetness crushed by the edict: This is not for you! Because of the color of your skin! . . .

After a while Juliette got up from the sidewalk and went slowly on. She would not go this way again. She had never minded working extra hard at morning tasks in order to finish early, that she might go the roundabout way past the wonderful girls' school and the beautiful old homes of that part of the town, where the great trees met in arches over the dusty streets. The sky always seemed nearer, looking up at it through trees.

She would not come this way again. Tomorrow she would play longer with the baby sister, Annie Laurie. The baby sister nearly

always cried when she left. She had cried that very morning. Suddenly little Juliette stood quite still in the road. She was thinking of Annie Laurie. When she got big, would something like this hurt her, too? The nails sank into the palms of Juliette's little hands and the birth of a new sense of protection was a double hurt; it made her throat ache.

Something else was struggling for birth at the same time—a fierce antagonism against the world, a hatred of that pale world of hate. Her lagging feet turned into a less pretentious street; she was nearing the poorer section again. A tow-headed girl was swinging on the gate of a picket fence. Rambler roses on the fence were in bloom. She saw the little brown girl coming down the street and hallooed to her. Juliette kept her eyes on the walk. Sally was—white! She belonged to that other world, that hateful world of white. No, she would not speak to her.

"Hello, Jule! Don't you hear me? What's the matter? Hello, Jule! Hello!"—

Juliette had stalked past without speaking. Now something in Sally's voice as she said, "Why Jule, won't you speak to me?" stopped her. She turned and looked at Sally gravely for a full moment, then said slowly, "Hello, Sally." The hate in her died a-borning, but the ache was greater than before.

And a puzzled Sally called after her, "You're going to be late, Jule."

Late? She was never late! Two flying feet carried her swiftly out of the street, and as she turned down the old familiar school road she heard the last bell ring.



Now take the matter of gardens. Jule stood and considered the subject very carefully. It was a crisp, late November day and only the hardy children of the South would venture in the thin dress of summer against the cold wind. But no matter how often and regularly winter came, one did not quite believe it, in Georgia. Neither

did gardens, thought Jule. For there were so many green things still growing, not only turnip greens but even late asters.

It occurred to her that people were very much like flowers in a garden. She stood rapturously hugging this idea to herself, but suddenly thought that it must have occurred to people time and time again. She remembered how one day it suddenly had burst in upon her that through the eyes, as through windows, one could look straight into the hearts of people. And a few weeks after the blazing illumination of this discovery she had come across in a copy-book: "The eyes are the windows of the soul."

Well, one good thing about gardens—there was always spring. Or was it that one good thing about spring was that there were always gardens? Her mother never got tired of working in a garden. When she came into the house with hands earth-stained she had a far look in her eyes, always. Sometimes when the house was tumultuous with the shouts of children, or some household problem vexed, she went out and worked in the garden.

Her mother seemed to scheme to make things grow. Could a person really bargain with the wind and the rain and the sun? For so much gentle rain one could promise tears; for so much sun, laughter. The laughter part of the bargain was nicely kept, Juliette thought, but not the tear part. Sometimes, though, it was as if she could hear her mother crying, down in a hidden, remote self, a self that never came very near the surface, a self that could not be hurt by the near and accidental things.

Such as her letting the baby fall out of the carriage. Jule flushed at the memory of it. And why did such things always happen at the height of triumphs? She had been up at bat with the bases full, had knocked a two-base hit bringing in three men, amid the wild cheers of the boys, who never could get used to a girl's saving the day. And it was at this glory-peak that Annie Laurie chose to fall out of the carriage. The baby was not much hurt. Her mother saw that at once, but Juliette was punished. Juliette remembered that she had once heard two teachers praising her as a child who never



had to be punished. That, thought Juliette, as she switched the dry and seeded pods of the hollyhock stalks near the fence, was because she never could get over, quite, being punished—not that she cared so dreadfully to be good.

The brisk November wind seemed to be getting sharper and she turned toward the house. Some day—next fall, *next* fall—she would not be standing in a forsaken garden looking at the old house; she would be in college. Seventeen and in college! Her mother had said it. Juliette could see her now at the window, talking with her sister. They were probably scheming right then about ways to bring this to pass. What sort of bargain could be made with the world to stretch pennies until they made a road to a college door? The sister taught school and would help, but there were so many places for the dollars to go, perhaps——. No, she knew, she *knew* they would find a way for her to go.

Once her mother had been sitting on the porch, rocking back and forth in the dark of a warm summer evening. Neighbors passed; they called to her mother on the porch. Cheerily her mother called back, recognizing each familiar half-form before the voice broke the silence of the road. Her father had gone to bed; the others of the household had scattered or gone to bed also, and only Juliette and her mother watched the gray road and thought the long thoughts of night.

It had been a long time since any one had passed. The stars seemed to be getting larger and nearer.

"Mother, I am so happy tonight. I can't think why, but I am so happy."


She remembered that she had expected her mother to say, "So am I, Juliette." But instead there was a long pause, and after a time her mother had said, so quietly: "That is all that a mother needs to know, Juliette."

Juliette often thought of this conversation afterward, and thought of it again now. What bargain had her mother driven with life? For that same far-away self had spoken in her mother, perhaps the



self that was still a girl, perhaps a self that still wanted a world of books, of ideas that called for mastery, of problems as great as the comforting of a hurt child but which were nevertheless part of a different and external world.

So this was the agreement between her mother and life! And in the long passage that divided the two halves of the house, Juliette paused, overwhelmed with this new discovery. She was her mother, young, heart-wishing. And if she could make life sing there would be fewer tears for that lonely, bound self. She shivered a little, not with the November wind, but from a wind of discovery. She opened the door to the kitchen. Her mother and sister were not talking about college plans, but of a new and better way to stir a cake.



On the night before leaving for college Juliette almost forgot to bring her father the two biscuits and the glass of water which had become a nightly ritual before he went to bed. For, as in the case of rituals, something had been built into this ceremony, something of things remembered and things hoped for, like the seeming extension of color beyond a petal's rim.

All day long her father cobbled shoes in his little shop. He knew everybody in town and everybody knew him. He had been to New York and had crossed Brooklyn Bridge! Juliette, squeezing in the time to sit and talk with him on this last night, when the demands of packing and getting ready for tomorrow's journey were pressing upon her, remembered this, and it seemed momentarily as if she too were embarking upon pure adventure. Yet Talladega must be just another southern town, and the census figures showed it to be smaller even than Athens.

How jolly her father was, Juliette thought, as she watched him munch his biscuits. He was never angry, never perturbed. Sometimes when she had appeared unexpectedly at the shop she had seen a look of strange soberness upon his genial features as he bent over

his task, but when he looked at his children his eyes always twinkled and the parchment-colored face wrinkled with good humor. He seized her now, as if she were a little girl, and took her upon his knee. When she finally hurried away to finish her packing the soberness made caverns of her father's eyes, and he sat looking into space, past the flicker of the lamp, long after she had gone.

The next morning there was a gathering of neighbors and children at the gate, waiting to go with her to the station. Goodbye is a lump in the throat, thought Juliette to herself as she went down the walk to the gate. She looked back at the old house and kept thinking of other things while everyone chattered around her. There was the old iron pot in the back yard, turned down now as it was at the end of a hard wash-day when she and her mother sat in the yard, resting a bit and talking, while the clothes flapped on the line. There was the fence where she had tried to walk on her hands like a boy, with the memory of a fall and a scar to mark that ambition. Under the pecan trees she had played with her dolls. By the lilac tree pieces of a china dog were buried, oh so long ago. And there was her corner on the veranda where she stood at night, eyes tired from books, heart heavy with dreams, to take one look at the world, the velvety black world of stars, the wind-sighing world of fleeing clouds, the June-full world of flowers, a world gray with winter rains.

"Jule, take me with you. I want to go. I want to go." *Annie Laurie.*

"I've put all you need on the train and your lunch in this little satchel." *Sister.*

"Write as soon as you get there, Juliette, and let me know about the trip and how everything is. God bless you, dear!" *Mother.*

"Goodbye, Jule! goodbye, Jule! goodbye, Jule!" *The girls and boys on her street.*

Suddenly, to her great surprise, Juliette found herself crying.

## II

TALLADEGA town drowsed in the heat of a September day. The mules tethered around the square had stood so long that they had almost forgotten the brisk trot into town in the early morning. A few shabby cars were clustered near the stores, and on the sidewalks desultory shoppers shuffled from door to door. Black women and white women were bargaining for their few pennies. Black farmers and white farmers stood on the corners. There was not much talk among them. Stretching away from the square were tree-shaded streets. One led to quiet old houses where only the putting of servants told of life within; one led out over the hills to the farmlands of the north; one went to the red buildings of the state school for the blind; the last, past the whirl of the cotton mills, led to Talladega College.

Ten minutes from the square one came abruptly upon the campus, which somehow looked a little out of keeping with the surrounding country—for a chapel spire in the stern mold of a New England tradition pointed skyward and seemed to indicate a certain serenity of resolution for the fringe of cabins on the horizon hills. But across from the chapel, half hidden by huge trees, the white columns of an older building seemed to promise something of that largess and ease by virtue of which an old South could live comfortably with its sins. Slaves had built this building, wishing as they did so for such a place for the education of their own children, and by a turn of fate they had lived to see this ambition gratified. Brown youth now swarmed on the campus where once the planters' sons had studied and played. A beautiful old campus it is, brooding a bit, remembering each autumn the coming of a flood of springtime youth.

It was not terribly important to the old town that young men and women who were spilled from every noisy train that hot September day should be coming there for an education. Among the better class people many, from a kind of humanity which could extend in general if not in particular to the Negro, were tolerant or in actual sympathy with this attempt on the part of another race to get learning. But among the middle class was suspicion or indifference, while the poor whites were outspoken in their hatred of this opportunity coming to the black folk, seeing in the contrast between themselves as they went to the mill or farm and the students so great a difference that only envy could meet it.

The noon train came to a stop at Talladega station and a dozen passengers dropped off. But the half-dozen or so who tumbled out of the dirty little Jim Crow car presented so marked a contrast to the whites from their coach that loiterers at the station found themselves compelled to watch them. Not only were they in marked contrast because of difference of color, rich browns showing up the unhealthy paleness of the poorer whites, but these colored travelers were all young, with the exception of an old black woman who fumbled with a collection of small and large packages, and they were all gay, their excited voices piercing the sultry air with a confusion of staccatos. A taxi man, apparently used to this joyous confusion, assembled baggage and bundles and piled the four chattering girls and the two boys into an old Ford, in which to ride alone would have shown a maximum of confidence in man, and in which to ride crowded with humanity and baggage showed a supreme faith in the universe and its controlling deity.

The college students had not known each other before meeting on the train, but a certain anxiety among the freshmen had betrayed them to each other, and the two upperclassmen had been happy and proud to display their greater maturity by getting everybody acquainted. The naturally lively Juliette found such a group her element, and as they rumbled between the red hills of Georgia and Alabama she had done her share to regale the crowd with tales of

Athens. Now, however, she found herself silent as the car swung around the square and into Battle Street. College! She, Juliette, actually there! They had passed the cotton mills now, and there were shrieks: "There's the campus! There's Foster Hall! There's Swayne!"

And the tall girl with eager eyes and a pounding heart found herself swept up the long walk to Foster Hall and tumbled with other frightened freshmen into the dark and solemn corridor of the building.

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Juliette stretched her long legs in the grass and threw back her arms to embrace the tree trunk against which she was leaning. The boy sprawled full-length by her side and chewed thoughtfully on a long blade of grass. Before them rose the slope of a little hill that dropped away sheer on the other side. From beyond, the din of the picnickers arose. Juliette and the boy had withdrawn from the college picnic because of a vague feeling that they wanted to be just two persons under the April sun. After all, by the time one is a junior, recognized class leadership may mean that upon occasion one can cheerfully leave classmates for a season and ponder upon a neglected self. As the boy said:

"I should think you'd get so tired of being the most important girl on the campus."

"But I'm not. You know there are plenty of girls more popular than I."

"I didn't say popular. I said important. Of course you are popular enough, but I mean you are always in charge of something, or going somewhere to represent the college, or making a speech or writing a paper. You know what I mean."

"Well, there's no use saying I don't do lots of things like that. But do you suppose I do them just to be important?"

"I don't know. I guess you really don't. No, come to think of it, that's the way you are. But what fun do you get out of it all?"

"Why it is fun to be doing lots of interesting things, especially when they do good for other people."

"That's some of the 'life is earnest, life is real' stuff we hear in chapel."

"You shouldn't talk like that. It's sacrilegious."

"Don't be funny. That's not the Bible. I'm going to tell Professor Jaquith the survey course didn't do you any good."

"But it *is* sort of sacrilegious to poke fun at the important things of life. You know just as well as I do that college wouldn't be important if some people didn't think it necessary to help us find values in life."

"Oh! that's awful! You know, you're getting to talk just like the preacher-YWCA crowd you travel around with. I can just hear you when you're chairing the Y conference in Atlanta, telling all the long-faced little girls and the old-maid secretaries about their duty to the home, the school, their country and their God."

"I never thought you'd say things like that. I always thought—"

"Thought what? You know perfectly well I'd be content to work in the lab, read a few books, play a good game of ball and let all the rest of the glory-to-God business go."

"I don't believe you. Why, I never saw anybody work so hard in all my life as you did for the Morehouse debate. Winning that wasn't important, I suppose."

"That's different. That was for T.C."

"Well, it wasn't for yourself. And I don't care whether it is for the Y or for the college, a person ought to work for something more than himself. Something bigger than himself."

"Sure, sure. I know all that. Suffering humanity, and all that."

"But, seriously—"

"That's just it, *seriously*. You know, I can see why everybody likes you, Jule. You're a good fellow, you have more than your share of fun, you cut up like the rest of us, and with all your brains you're an all-round sort of person that everybody comes to with everything. Maybe it's because, past all the fun and everything, a



person can trust your *seriously*. Say—you know—I want to tell you something."

"What?"

"Now you'll think this funny, but do you know, I like you better than any girl on the campus."

"Don't be ridiculous. You know you're going with—"

"Of course, of course. I didn't want to bring that in. But what I wanted to say was that I really do like you better than any other girl. Only sometimes I'm afraid I could never live up to half the things you set for yourself."

"You make me feel so queer and sort of conceited."

"Well, I don't mean to. I'm trying to say that having you for a friend is different from having any other girl for a friend. I always feel that you know what I am talking about. More than half the time you don't agree with me, but then I feel you know, anyhow."

"I suppose I ought to tell you something. You know I like all the boys and I go to our socials and things with first one then the other, but you're the only boy that I feel understands. You know."

Beyond the little hill the picnic din was at its height. A passion for the music of the pots had seized some, and the clang of tin and iron smote the tranquil spring afternoon. Suddenly over the top of the hill appeared a flash of red sweater carrying a frying pan, with a blue dotted dress in full pursuit.

The boy jumped up. "Go it, go it, Ruth, you've got him!"

The pursuer and pursued disappeared below the hill.

"It's a good thing they came by. I guess we were getting awfully sentimental," Juliette said.

"I meant to be sentimental, if that's what you call it. In all the time we have known each other we've never talked about our friendship. We've joshed and joked and worked on committees and listened to each other in class, but—well, we might graduate without saying these things and I think it's awfully important that they get said."

"I'm glad you feel that way, for it is the way I feel, too. And

I'm glad you are not a senior but in the same class. And if she—"

"Let's not talk about her. There are some things I don't want to talk about even with you, Jule. There are some things a person doesn't understand himself. So there's no use talking about them."

"Just one thing—do you really think I'm a goody-goody?"

"No, I don't. But I wish you didn't belong to so many things and all. Why we had to wait to be juniors and go on a picnic before we got the chance to have a talk like this."

"And you know, I don't believe half what you say about not caring about things. Maybe it's because you have heard so much talk, with your father a minister and all. Or maybe you can't bear to let people know what you are thinking. Maybe it's that."

"Maybe it is. People are so idiotic when they know you do care. You'll never see me getting up in prayer meeting testifying to the call."

"Well, I don't care, as long as you've heard it."

"Say, if we don't go get our share of food it will be all gone. Speaking of calls, the crowd's been yelling for everybody to come to dinner for a long time. Come on!"



### III

JULIETTE looked out of the train window at the white landscape that seemed to be flying past. This was the winter of the story books; snow that lay in fold upon fold of white glittering blanket, fences almost covered by it, farmhouses tucked in the drifts, only occasionally evergreens among the sharply etched trees, streams iced over. So different from Georgia. She liked it. Liked the sharp air that kept one's breath in a fog, liked the crunch, crunch of feet in the snow, wished for time to go tobogganing on the icy hills. At her first stop in this tour of western colleges she had watched some college men on skis, and how her pulse had raced as they came skimming the long slopes or soared bird-like in the air!

But there was not much time for play, on this trip. There were still seven more colleges to visit, and at each place as many things as possible were crammed into the short time she was there.

It was hard to keep her eyes from the landscape. This white world with a steel-blue sky was too beautiful. The sun made such a glitter that from time to time she had to shut her eyes, but they flew open again as soon as a bit of rest had prepared them for more drinking-in of the brightness.

If, thought Juliette, I could bring my love of the beauty of the world into everything I say, I should be sure then to be saying true things out of my heart. Not that it was difficult to talk to these college groups; as a matter of fact it was comparatively easy, for their interest in her as a Negro woman was always an unsolicited interest, which they gave her at the very beginning; and there was always an absorbing curiosity about all that happened to Negro people. She did not always talk about Negroes, but as often of things she had thought and experienced, and of the new world

which she and other young people so passionately wanted to bring into being.

Half a dozen years now—and were they any nearer bringing about the new order? If one counted great changes here and the impressively new there—no. But if one thought of individuals and the ever-widening circle of their influence—yes. There were changes, too, which while they did not loom startlingly large to the world, were large and significant to the world of college men and women where thoughtful minds were forging ahead, daring to think in new terms on old problems, daring to experiment with more difficult but more satisfactory ways of living. She doubted if a thing could happen now which had happened only three years ago at a college in one of the border states.

She had been a guest of one of the colleges of the state. Slipping out of the administration building about dusk she suddenly realized that she was not quite sure of the direction of the women's dormitory where she was staying. She stopped by a cluster of trees to get her bearings, and as she stood there a half dozen college boys came from the side of the building and stood near enough for their loud-pitched voices to come clearly to her. And it was of herself that they were talking.

Juliette smiled a little ruefully now, remembering the palpitating fear that had seized her at first, lest she might be run off the campus.

"There's a colored woman in the girls' dorm."

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? Say, what'd you join the Klan for if you're going to stand for this sort of thing?"

"Oh, the Klan is only for the town. It's got nothing to do with college doings."

"Oh, it hasn't, hasn't it? Say, I bet if I told the Kleagle this he'd have a little demonstration on this very campus and a cross burning—"

"Oh, cut it! What's the use of getting the college into that sort

of thing? Besides, what harm is she doing staying there?"

"Say, what'd you join the Klan for if you're going to stand for this sort of thing?"

"Well, what harm *is* she doing?"

"Do you believe in white and black mixing?"

"Of course not, but I don't call that mixing. The woman's got to stay somewhere."

"Well, it leads to mixing."

"The Negroes attend the college. They've got to do some mixing."

"Besides, they're not half bad. You know that fellow Jim Roberts? Say, he's a whiz in chemistry. And I like him, too."

"And Manning in track is o.k., too."

"I've been used to 'em all my life. Grew up with 'em. Honest, now, I'd hate to see any trouble made for 'em on the campus. You know it's kind of tough being black."

"That's what I say. Can't say I like 'em the way you do, but give 'em a break, I say."

"And perhaps some of the girls like the colored girls the way some of us like the men. I don't know much about this Miss Derricotte—some sort of Y person—but some of the girls are going for her in a big way."

"You ought to know all about the YW. She sure is pretty if she is a Y president."

"You can't get me on that, old boy. You tried hard enough, but she picked the better man."

"One on you, Bill. Say, we've got basketball practice and it's getting late."

Well, those hard days were over. There was usually a welcome of some sort for her now.

The train slowed down. Over the tops of the bare trees she could see a spire and towers. Those were probably the college buildings. And here was the station. And here the laughing, eager-eyed girls, bobbed heads turning this way and that as pas-

sengers began to get off the train, to make sure that they did not miss her. They had seen her! How excited she was, all over again, to be stepping into this little world of youth and belief and glorious golden dreams!

Dear Mother:

This letter is going to be all about just one thing, because of what has been happening in the last four days. I know it will be interesting to you because we have talked so often together with Dad, about the problem of colored people. In our town I just don't suppose any white people are any more interested in Negroes than we are, and we have always been sort of proud of our humanitarian and liberal attitude.

But this morning was my third time in a group talking with Miss Juliette Derricotte, who is a national student secretary. She is on our campus as a guest of the Student Movement, and I think her coming is the best thing that has happened to our college this year. She talked in chapel and met with smaller groups, and while in so short a time miracles cannot happen, I not only notice but honestly, Mother, I *feel* a difference in some people and some things.

The first day she was here she made an address to the entire college body. When I saw her sitting on the platform by the president I *did* feel a bit queer. While college is different, you can imagine how strange you would feel if you walked into your club and saw a Negro woman sitting by the president. I looked around the audience and it gave me a shock to see on the faces of a whole mass of people that expression that always comes when we get to a certain point in arguing the race problem with some of our friends—the Lacs for instance. When you've grown up, as I have, in a place where there are lots of Negroes you never think about certain kinds of expressions, because they are so much a part of individuals you have known all your life. But when I saw grim mouths and hard eyes on such a number of people at the same time I sud-

denly saw the expression apart from the persons themselves and it wasn't a pleasant thing to see.

Of course there were a good many people who had a different expression, more of surprise and curiosity, as if they were asking themselves what kind of a creature a Negro could possibly be. There are so few Negroes in some of these western states, and none in this town you know, that lots of our student body and faculty just do not have any experience with colored people at all. But if I were a Negro I think one expression would be about as hard to bear as another.

But let me tell you about Miss Derricotte. She is about my height, very light brown, with such a pleasant face, and eyes full of laughter but also full of something else, wise sad eyes that make her look a little older than she really is. When she rose to speak I suddenly felt about her as I do when sister plays in public—I wished so hard that she would make good and I just felt that if she didn't it would hurt me almost as much as it did her. Afterwards I wondered why I had felt that way, and then I remembered that we always felt about Aunt Lucy and her children and Mom Merry just the way we did about ourselves, and I guess it was because I felt that I knew her people and practically none of the others did, that my heart went out in such a way to her even though she was a perfect stranger to me.

But I needn't have felt such concern. She gave a splendid address—she spoke easily and told so many things about Negroes that even I did not know—but there were overtones about it all which were the best part. I wished for you, because we always have such fun dissecting speakers, and there was so much about Miss Derricotte besides her actual words. There was a warmth about her that is hard to describe, for when we say a person is radiant we usually think in terms of light, don't we? So I wouldn't say she was radiant; I would say she is warm. Then she seemed to be talking not at us but with us, a sort of taking us into her confidence, which seemed to me to imply a good deal of trust in our friendliness and a

sort of faith in our willingness to do the right and decent thing. A curious little feeling of shame came over me as I thought of the set faces of the audience, but about half way through I ventured to look about and was so relieved to see that a great deal of the tight look had disappeared. When chapel was over people on all sides were saying nice things about her, and it was amusing to hear students saying all around, "I didn't know Negroes were like that!"

Miss Derricotte has talked with our cabinet and in some of the sociology and psychology classes, and several of the faculty women worked with our adviser to give a tea for her in addition to the party that the girls had. Now that it's all over we simply can't imagine why we ever spent any time discussing whether we would treat her as we do other college guests.

But Mother, between ourselves, I want to make a little confession. I didn't say but I should have said, along with most of the students here, "I didn't know Negroes were like *that*!" Now, looking back, I am remembering many of the things Aunt Lucy is always saying. She isn't educated like Miss Derricotte but in her commonsense way she has said so many of the same things. I remember one morning last July, when I was sitting on the back porch helping her shell peas, and we were arguing about the race problem, I was talking all the psychology I had just gotten out of Prof. Steuben's course, trying to impress on Aunt Lucy that some things were just *so*, and that science had proved it. Aunt Lucy let me go on and on and finally she said, "Hush, chile, you don't know the half!"

I don't believe I understand the yearnings of Negro people, nor their capacities. I am just beginning to sympathize with Aunt Lucy's determination to send Fannie to college. How cruel and blind we are to keep from any people the chance to know more about this whole business of life. Fannie will be ready for college next year, and when I come home I am going to talk with her and Aunt Lucy about it, and—I know this may make you gasp a little, Mother—but I'm going to talk about her coming *here* to college. And I think, Mother, that in a much more positive way we Carruthers have



got to head up the liberal group in our city, and see that plain justice and opportunities for better living are given to Negroes.

Well, this has been a long letter, but I just had to tell you these things now. I wish you knew Miss Derricotte. She will not remember me, for I am only one of a little group of college girls who made themselves responsible for inviting her here, but knowing her even for this short time has made such a difference to me. You know you tease me sometimes about being a science major and my too great objectivity about everything. Well in this particular case I'm glad I'm *not* sentimental, for it would be so easy to be sentimental over an engaging personality like Miss Derricotte, but I do see what she is talking about and the plain truth is a powerful thing.

I must stop. My love to the family. This is for Dad, too. He will be a bit slower than we are about it but we can always count on him.

Love,

CAROLINE.

#### IV

JULIETTE regarded her friend with a long, steady gaze. "Yes, it's your face," she said.

Jane did not move her cheek from the porch pillar. Wistaria framed the beautiful silhouette and brought out the rich brown of her coloring.

"My face?"

"Yes. The other day I heard Arthur speak of its 'brooding beauty.' I see now what he means."

"Oh, Jule, don't be ridiculous," said Jane. She turned now, and the somber poise broke in twinkles in the deep-set eyes. There *was* a brooding beauty in her face; even the twinkles did not hide it.

"It's as if you lived so far behind it."

Jane laughed aloud at this, and dropping down on the porch steps beside Juliette gazed with her over the broad sweep of land before them. The prairie fell away from the ranch house. Beyond the last fence it flowed toward the smoke-blue sky. Only near the fringe of trees at the right was there the green of grass; everywhere else the open land was plowed and planted but the grains were not yet above ground.

"Friends, faces," mused Juliette. "You know, some persons live so near the surface that they can present themselves at almost any time to full view. And then others—well, it's like knocking at the gate-keeper's door, then driving for miles into the estate, going within the great house, mounting the stairs and knocking at some inner chamber."

"Knocking? Why not entering?"

"That's just it. Sometimes the indwelling one comes out and sometimes not."



"Do you know many persons like that?"

"Not so many. You're one."

"I'm one? Why Jule, don't you always find me—here?"

"Yes, I always find you because you come out to meet me, in a way."

"Well, I'm not at all sure of what you are saying, but as far as you are concerned, Jule, I simply could not resist the kind of friendship you offer."

"Nothing but the common garden variety."

"I don't know what you call it, but I know how it shows itself. Do you remember the day I arrived in New York fresh from Winston-Salem? Do you remember how you took me to your house and for the whole week saw that I got all my directions and bearings straightened out?"

"Why anyone in the world would have done that, Jane."

"Granted, but I've never known anybody who does it quite as you did it, Jule."

"I can't see what I did, but I do know one thing. I am glad beyond all words that you came into the Student Movement."

"For the first time in my life I feel the power of personalities. I am not religious in the way you are, Jule, and I simply never sensed what certain concepts in Christianity meant."

"In what way do you think I am religious in a way that you are not?"

"You understand the meaning of spiritual life in terms of current language. As for me, I cannot reach out for meanings. They come up out of life for me. Take that word 'personality.' In the way it is ordinarily used I never sensed what 'being a person' meant until I came into student work. At conferences and around, the word and the phrase have been used again and again. When we came back from the tour of the Negro colleges I realized that now I knew what being a person means. You did that for me, Jule."

"I don't think I quite know what you mean."

"No, I suppose the people who are real 'persons' have the least

idea of what is bound up in that term. But I saw you, unaffected, eager, talk with college presidents as if they were men of infinite worth but no position. I saw you listen to everything a freshman girl told you as if there were nothing more important in the world than her little troubles. I saw you play tennis with young men who will remember your laughter when they have forgotten the game. You spoke on college platforms as if you were talking to people before an open fire; I remember that when you talked to girls shyness left their faces and their eyes shone."

"I should like to think that really so, Jane—not that I want to try to be all things to all people but that I want all people to be everything to me."

"You must. And you must have wanted it for a long time."

"Coming to the Student Movement did an infinite deal for me too, Jane. Here we are, two Negro women, feeling ourselves really a part of something national, something international for that matter, for the first time in our lives. And reason and logic did not bring this about. Reason would tell the American people that the Negro is literally a part of the American scene, will be with it always; that he must be developed as it is developed; that it cannot be developed to its fullest unless he is developed to his fullest. But it took persons to make this real to me, to us. Young white girls thronging their lovely campuses, hearing for the first time in their sheltered lives of the hopes of brown girls going tight-lipped in their midst or skirting the side streets of their towns—white girls with shame flushing their faces, a new light of justice flashing from their eyes. Brown girls, proud and distrustful, tears behind their wonder-wide eyes, at the surprise of finding for the first time sincerity in a white person's profession of friendship. And then—Leslie and Winnifred."

"Yes, Leslie and Winnifred."

"It isn't that Leslie wants to be kind. I've thanked heaven a thousand times that she is about as free from sentiment as a body could be. She typifies to me the justice of the Anglo-Saxon. Not

that she isn't kind, but it is with gayety rather than with kindness that she catches you up. I feel in her the hearty cheer of some old Norse banqueting hall—every game played with fairness, every song sung high. Into the hall comes one from the outer world, someone the lord knows little of, but to whose tale of injustice and wrong he listens. Then pushing his glass aside and bidding the minstrels cease, he stands forth and says clearly that the shameful thing shall not be."

"I would say the same about Winnifred, but not quite in the same way. Winnifred is gay, too, but hers is the gayety of the road. Hers is the knowledge of far places. Her heart has outstripped her feet to the very beggar on the road. The tales she has heard!"

"When I came on the staff I thought that I should be working strictly with matters concerning Negro students, but Leslie, without making me self-conscious about it all, has moved me gradually into the position where I am simply one of the staff—with a special interest always and of course working with our students, yet a staff person with a real responsibility for her share of the total national work. One day she talked with me about it. She said that not only was it right for each person, regardless of race, to develop her ability to do the thing she could do best, but that no one could do a good job for her own people unless she first got the concept of the larger group with which they are identified. It was her utter freedom about it all."

"I see what you mean. Her freedom helped to release the last bonds in you. That is why you can go with such a light step here and there."

"It is. All the words in the world must take fire from some life or else they are stones."

"Oh, Jule, that's it!"

"What?"

"Don't you remember that Jesus once said that if the cold and heartless people would not hear him, his Father had the power to turn the very stones into life. We are all stones unless some burn-

ing word has fallen into our hearts."

"And fire draws. I like to think back to those persons who have seemed friendliest to me. None ran after me, nor was I conscious of running after any. But there is a drawing power, and soon you find yourself keeping step with one who is a new friend. In my college days I remember one teacher especially, Dr. Silsby. Did I tell you I am going to the dedication of Silsby Science Hall?"

"No. When?"

"This fall. It will be my first time on the campus as a trustee, and I have been asked to speak about Dr. Silsby as I knew him as a student."

"What will you talk about—his teaching, his influence, or what?"

"He was a wonderful example of the kind of person you have been talking about. I am going to talk about what he meant to me as a person."

## V

Dear Miss Derricotte:

I thought you would not remember me, but when your letter came this morning I was so happy over your remembrance that I cried. Now wasn't that a silly thing to do? I know it was, but part of it was because you remembered all the things I had told you on that last morning of the conference, and you must have been thinking about them because your answers to my questions sounded that way.

You see, Miss Derricotte, I was so sorry that I had waited to talk with you until the very last minute, but I want to explain how that was. I had never been anywhere out of Tuscumbia before I went to college, except of course around in the country, and Tuscumbia is such a little place. And in college sometimes I feel a little bit backward socially, for some of my classmates seem so smart and knowing and all. But I do like people, and when some of the older girls asked me to join the Y, I was so glad, because then I got to know some girls very well and they are now my dear, dear friends. And I like the work in the Y. When I was elected a delegate to the conference you don't know how happy I was.

But when I got to the conference, again I felt so sort of shy. I guess all the girls were a little strange at first, but things went so fast that most of that disappeared. I had no idea what a conference was like. In the first place, Talladega College campus is lovely—you know my little college is poor and our buildings are pretty well run down and our grounds aren't kept up much—and I just loved to walk around it. I loved the trees best of all, although some of the girls thought the swimming pool in the new gymnasium was the best thing. I was glad when I found out that it was your college, and on the day when we had services in DeForest Chapel

I wondered how you felt, coming back to it and looking at the seats where you once sat as a student. The things I remember best from that service are the organ music and the way President Sumner lifted his head as he smiled at us, and his wife taking my arm afterwards as we went down the walk, just as if I was one of their own students.

And I had no idea how jolly it all could be. Singing songs in the dining hall, and making up jokes about different delegations, and the international party one night. But most of all I liked to listen to the leaders. I still can't figure out what makes you different from our teachers. It wasn't that you sometimes talked about religion, because sometimes they talk about religion; indeed some of them, especially the white ones, talk about it so much that at times I really get tired of hearing about it. I hope you don't think that sounds too awful. It wasn't because you talked about working and careers, because we hear plenty of that in chapel. And it wasn't because you talked about service. We've heard about that, too.

I guess it was because first of all you seemed quite happy about almost everything. I don't think you are happy because it is your duty but because something in you just makes you that way. I think you are the first Negro I ever met who wasn't sort of sorry she had such a hard life. You admitted it was a hard life; you said it was hard for you and for all of us, but you seemed sort of ready for it, as if you had forgiven God for making us Negroes and might have done the same thing yourself if you had been Him. That is a new thing for me to think about. Sometimes in Tuscumbia when I saw how my family were treated and how we were all despised and even grown people called by their first names as if they were children or animals, and all the injustice and terrible things done to us colored people and nothing we could ever do about it and nobody to turn to, I've just gotten hard inside, and I thought, well, I couldn't help being born, but I certainly wouldn't bring any more colored children into the world to suffer what I suffer. But now I feel so different about it all. I don't know how to tell you how you



made me see that there is a kind of happiness bottled up in everyone that nobody else can get to, and so nobody can take away from us. Once people did not know there was music in the air, and now we have the radio, and I didn't know there was music in myself but sometimes now I hear singing in my heart.

And then, too, I felt differently about white people. Maybe they don't understand. Maybe they would be just if they fully knew. I was so surprised when you told about white students in the South wanting to be friends with us and of those who had already become so. It seems so queer. I wonder what it would be like to have a white friend! When you talked about your friends I did not know for a long time that some of them were white; you never talked about them as if they were.

It is a queer thing the way I have always thought about Jesus. I have thought of him as a sort of tragic figure who somehow got caught in our troubles here below and had to give up his life and die a cruel death for our sins. That doesn't seem to be your Jesus at all. I think to you he seems like a fine, brave young man who didn't come into the world to die at all, but liked living a lot, only couldn't manage to do so because he just wouldn't run away from anything and because he faced everything. He faced even death rather than give up. I like him so much better this way, and I can remember him so easily now when I am doing the most ordinary things. And when I passed a lot of colored girls on their way to the fields yesterday and thought about their drudgery and all the things they had no idea of, I suddenly remembered something about "making this life possible for all people." And I didn't feel at all missionary-ish about it, but just as if I'd like to know them and have them know me, and feeling that we would all be better off if this were so.

This junior year is certainly crowded. I am doing dramatics, and want to try for the debating team. Then with my Y work and laboratory work I don't have a minute to spare. But the thing I am happiest about is that I feel so much more secure about things.

The two years of college had already done so much to help me mix with people the way I have always wanted to, and oh! it is so good to feel at home with almost everybody. The Y conference certainly helped me a lot on that and to date it is the most wonderful experience in my life. I am even going with one of the boys. He's perfectly grand and I wouldn't be surprised if I really learned to love him, but of course I don't know whether I do yet or not. We don't agree about everything but we both like the same things and we have such good talks together. I am going to the monthly social with him tonight.

I must stop and write a paper for history. Please don't think I am a silly little school girl because I answered your letter right back, but I thought of you so often and when your letter came it was just like meeting a friend on the street when you never thought to see her at all, and I just had to stop and have this chat with you. I don't expect you to correspond with me because you must be so busy all the time, and especially now with planning your trip around the world. Just think, to have been to Europe twice and to be going around the world now! And to have a letter from such a person!

The girls here would all send greetings if they knew I was writing this, so I shall include them anyhow with my own. I am wishing you safety and much joy in your travels.

Sincerely yours,

MARY GRAY.



## VI

LAKE GENEVA lay light as brush strokes between daylight and dusk. The late June day seemed suddenly full, as if all its long bright hours had poured their riches into this hour. Around the lake there was little sound. The tents where the college girls had darted to and fro were deserted now, though scraps of color clung to them, promising return.

From one of the tents a girl came out. In haste to join her fellows she went swiftly over the hill, past the tent rows, through a little tangle of shrubs to where a trail began its tortuous way up a steep hillside. There was a chirping of insects in the grasses, with infrequent longer notes from bush and tree. The trees shut out the light, and the girl picked her way carefully. Halfway up the trail she stopped. They were singing, above, on the hill. The voices sounded far away.

A grassy hollow topped the hill. Seated in the greenness were a hundred or more girls. In a half-ring they were gathered around a small altar of banked flowers. At the side of this altar stood a young woman. Her dusky face seemed a part of the gathering evening shadow. Her voice was rich and throaty, like a bird on a bough in the first dark. Her words drifted over the upturned faces. The girl who had come up the hill dropped to the ground with the others as these words slipped past the gathered group:

*'Remembering the mountains, I was still.*

*Will you be quiet, my friends? Will you gather close, you who strive so hard to do, and do?*

*See, I bring you gifts of silence and cool snow.*

*I tell you of tall pines, erect and motionless, pointing at the sky.*

*I deal treacherously with your desires. I bleach your hearts.*

*I comfort your troubled faces with the old faces of the rocks.  
I give your strained ears only silence and the zoom of the night hawk.*

*Will you be quiet, my friends? Will you gather close, you who strive so hard to do, and do?*

*See, I bring you gifts of silence and cool snows.'*

Because I love it so, let us sing:

*'He who would valiant be  
'Gainst all disaster,  
Let him in constancy  
Follow the Master.  
There's no discouragement  
Shall make him once relent  
His first avowed intent  
To be a pilgrim.'*

The clear voices rang out with the old song, not in the boldness of morning but with the self-searching of evening. The young woman by the altar spoke again:

*We come at even, our Father, heirs of all thy creative work, with lives enriched by others' struggles and others' labors. We come to own our debt to all thy children of every race and creed.*

*'I desire to realize full and creative life through a growing knowledge of God. I determine to have a part in making this life possible for all people. In this task I seek to understand Jesus and follow Him.'*

*'There is so much more to know than I am accustomed to knowing, and there is so much more to love than I am accustomed to loving.'*

*I recall all the questions which seem to block; all the conversations I have had on race; the ease with which we can talk about the situation far off; the blindness to the situation near at hand; the people in the North knowing the South's solution; the people in the South knowing the North's solution; the Englishman unable to*

*understand the American race problem; the American saying, You can't call the kettle black—what about your Indian problem? The Japanese sure of our injuries to them; our question of their relations with China and Korea; the Hindu who says he is understanding, but wears his turban; the Negro; the Jew; the Mexican, and all the others.*

*'There is so much more to know than I am accustomed to knowing; so much more to love than I am accustomed to loving.'*

*I find myself asking, What is race? What is culture? What is superiority? And I try to fit the answers to the seeming complications of questions. Intermarriage? Have not peoples always intermarried? Are there any pure races left?*

*Culture? Is the sort of thing which all of us see over and over again—jeering and haughtiness, sneering, discourtesies—the product of culture? Superiority? Are the methods used to keep another nation or race back proof of superiority?*

*'There is so much more to know than I am accustomed to knowing; so much more to love than I am accustomed to loving.'*

*I wonder sometimes if we are conscious of the loyalties we ask one to hold—to act on a loyalty to an ideal as if it were actual or real. Asking Negroes to be loyal to the YWCA when they cannot go into some of them to eat or sleep or, sometimes, to ask a civil question. Loyalty to America when we are in another country. Loyalty to a Negro group that has little faith in a white group. The loyalty of the American-born Oriental. Loyalty to the kingdom of God. What will happen to us in the kingdom? Do we see the place of nation or race in the kingdom?*

*'Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God, and everyone that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'*

*Let us ask ourselves in what ways we are giving assent to Christ's leadership or denying it by our deeds.*

*Do we look upon every person—white, red, yellow, black—as sons of God—sacred to God?*

Singing swept the group again and the flames of small candles flickered in the dark. Down the winding trail the girls went, and they sang as they went:

*We are climbing Jacob's ladder,  
We are climbing Jacob's ladder,  
We are climbing Jacob's ladder,  
Soldier of the cross.*

Over and over they sang it.

They wound through the little hills and the tents and came to the side of the lake. The line made a circle on the shore; the lights of the little candles gleamed in the waters.

*If you love Him why not follow,  
If you love Him why not follow,  
If you love Him why not follow,  
Soldier of the cross?*

A rower paused on his oars to listen to the song.

Why not follow . . . . . follow . . . . .

## VII

"THIS is Jesus College," said the guide. The group wandering through Cambridge halls looked at the old walls. The tall brown girl walking with the young Swedish man said:

"You know, every time I hear him say 'Jesus College,' 'Jesus Lane,' 'Jesus athletic grounds,' it gives me a queer feeling."

"Why does it?"

"I don't know. In the United States we have no secular things so named."

"The Society of Jesus, you know——"

"Oh, yes, I know. But it sounds queer, just the same. I know, too, how common a name it is in Mexico."

"You have a nice name. Juliette Derricotte. It is quite French. Are you French as well as Negro?"

"The colored peoples of the United States are very much mixed. Some of us have many bloods."

"But why are you called Negro then?"

"Oh, that is just a custom of the country. We are really quite simple at home. Anything that is not white is black."

"I think we would not do that in Sweden. I say—we have seen about all of this. Wouldn't you like to go punting on the Cam?"

"I suppose that's boating of some sort. I'd love to."

The two broke from the others and by a winding path came to the Cam—the smoothest of all little rivers, running through wide stretches of lawn and flowers, and gliding under overhanging willows. The bright-haired boy and the brown girl drifted for long moments of delightful silence in the quiet stream.

"They couldn't help it," said Juliette.

"Help what?"

"Help being poets—Byron, Milton, Tennyson. I would be a poet myself if I lived four years here."

"Would you really now? What about all those who did live here four years and never became poets?"

"Oh, it is possible for people to be poets and never write a line of it"

"I think you do write. Don't you now?"

"As who has not? No, not in the way you mean. Some day thoughts may break through to paper. I don't know."

"Won't you have to write about this conference for groups at home?"

"Oh, yes. Bits for our Association magazine. They will want to know what we did."

"Well, what do you think we are doing?"

"You know the World's Student Christian Federation isn't much more than a name to us at home. But here the fellowship which the thirty-five nations have shared with each other is a living proof to me that people of different customs, languages, color and race can live together in peace and harmony."

"We Swedish people think that too. The quarrels and intrigues of Central Europe seem very foreign to us."

"I am still having an interesting time getting myself located in the world. Did I tell you that a man from Switzerland in talking with me the other day said that one of the greatest experiences in his life was the contact which the Federation gave him with members of my race? I asked him who some of these members were and where he had met them. He said that he was in the United States about twelve years ago at Lake Mohonk and met there two of my race. Upon hearing their names I did not recognize either, though I thought I knew all the YM and YW colored secretaries. He went on to say that one evening he was standing at the sunset window with these 'brothers' of mine, and as they looked out over the Catskills my brothers lamented the fact that two or three hundred years ago their grandfathers had owned and hunted all over

these mountains, but could not be found there now.

"Well, at first I felt terribly puzzled, because no one had ever told me that my grandfathers had had time, in spite of slavery, to have hunting holidays in the Catskills. Then it dawned on me that this man thought I was an Indian, so I said to him, 'Sir, I am an American Negro and not an American Indian.' He looked me up and down and said, 'Please pardon me, but I didn't know Negroes looked like you. Many of us here think you are an Indian!' He was greatly embarrassed."

"I am not surprised at his mistake, for I overheard some ladies at the garden party Saturday saying that they thought it would have been nice had you worn your native dress!"

"I had such an interesting time talking with the delegate from Egypt, who looks like my brother. I asked him if Egyptians thought of themselves as colored especially, as descendants of the black race. 'Of course not,' he answered; 'we are of the Semitic race.' It's all very queer, this looking like what you are not."

"I seem to feel such a difference in the way we think, too. Take the matter of religion. Did you follow the morning discussion? What did you make out of it?"

"It rather set my brain awlirl. Didn't you get the impression that those from Central Europe believe that God is not a God of love, that he does not need man, that there is no use trying to save the world because the world does not want to be saved?"

"Yes. One of the men said that man is broken in the sight of God and can be saved only by his grace."

"Then of what use is it to have ideals?"

"It all seems to me to come from the attempt to penetrate through to God without going by way of Jesus. We don't know what God is; we do know what Jesus is. That is all I make of it and that seems to me to be infinitely enough."

"It is enough for me too."

The punt pulled up at a little landing. Down the path to meet it came a fair English girl and two East Indian girls, the brilliant



saris of the latter seeming almost a piercing note in the quiet English scene.

"Oh, Margaret," said Juliette, "your Cam is lovely. What did you think of our American rivers, huge and muddy and sprawling, after a gentle stream like this?"

"You should see it when there is a freshet! But in America everything is like your rivers. They cannot be content to go quietly through a countryside; they must tear some of it along with them. I like it. I can hardly wait to come again to the States in the fall."

"But when you are again in England—"

"When I am again in England—" She broke off, and looked at the stream and the lawns and the halls. "Well, of course, England is—well, England. But come. Both of you. We have been waiting tea all this while for you. Juliette, you know Penumala Raju and Ellen Sundaribai. This is Juliette Derricotte from the United States, and Mr. Boeckman from Sweden."

So the five left the river and disappeared up the grassy road.

## VIII

THE rajah had been kind, almost lavish. He had set a great white tent in the midst of his green lawns for the delegates, he had placed a large part of his retinue of servants at the disposal of the conference. The hospitality of Mysore was something more than a princely gesture.

In the streets of the city the inhabitants asked questions of each other concerning these guests of the prince. Mohammedans narrowed their eyes when they learned who the strangers were, but they kept a discreet silence, for Allah is wise and brings strange things to pass, moreover their prince was very powerful. Hindus asked eagerly if this Christ would be their Krishna, the beautiful; if he were not, still he must be a great god. It was said that the Mahatma thought well of him.

But fat brown babies played in the doors of the bazaars and did not think of the strangers; the merchants wondered if they were of the rich who travel with open purses; slips of young girls in gay saris went their soft way thinking of young love; the burdened old men shuffled along eager for the rest that ends the long day.

Juliette looked around at the delegates to the World's Student Christian Federation conference. Under this white canopy, with the splashes of brilliant costumes, with the eager light upon each upturned face, whether its color was the black of the African, the gold of the Korean, or the pinkish-white of the Scotchman—how beautiful they were.

How beautiful people were!

Were they? What was that sudden aching in her heart? What memory of pain? There were flashes of scenes—some little children in a mill, wounded soldiers parading on Armistice Day, a mob

yelling for the blood of a black man, a woman fainting with hunger in a city street.

People were ugly, too!

They were calling her to the platform to speak. She stood facing all those amazingly different people gathered from the far ends of the world. Yes, she would tell them that people were cruel. That life daily wounded its millions.

But suddenly the beauty of life, of those gathered before her, of all life in its strangeness, its blind strength, in its stumbling promises, swept over her like a wave, and she poured forth words that caught them all up, supported and held by one who spoke from sorrows distilled into joy in her own heart. And in listening to her men and women believed again in themselves. When she sat down the light lingered for a long time on their faces.

"It's Juliette Derricotte from the United States."

"She is a Negro. They are a people of great soul power."

"Such could come only from suffering."

"Your people shall be free. It may be long, but courage like yours is a promise of it."

"If such as you could talk with our young women in Africa—"

"When you are come to China you shall speak in our colleges."

"I shall visit your land when the spring comes next."

My land! O my country! Great merciful God, give me courage to bear with its folly. Turn my feet to walk resolutely the path of suffering, that some may know that endurance shall not be called on forever. Give us not patience but a consuming love!

Juliette had slipped out of the tent and stood looking toward the ragged little hills that tapered off toward the village plains. She prayed. The exultation of all that she had said still burned in her heart. She felt strangely happy.

A water-bearer passing near by wondered at the tears that fell unheeded from her eyes.

Juliette leaned on the boat's rail and watched the tropic night. There was a waning moon and in its path a boat was sailing. Her own ship made hardly a sound as it cleft its way through the water.

After India what does one say? Angry gods must have thrown broken paint-pots down on that country. Its vivid beauty had stabbed again and again. Even in poverty and filth such as she had never dreamed of before, life surged up so fiercely that the exuberance of breath alone vied with the pulsing of the torrid heat. Every soul a spear-self cutting its way up and up—to what?

To what? The insistent beat of, what are they? what are they? what are they? became, what am I? what am I? what am I?

I am a little girl walking in the sun. The red road is uphill and runs straight into a blue sky. When I come to the top I shall go off into nothingness that is cool blue. But when I came to the top there was my house and my mother standing by peach trees in bloom.

I am a listener in a room and hear the breath of one who is dying. The breath stops in the poor body. I think my breath must stop, too, but I can hear my own breathing, in and out, in and out. What is this swell in my bosom?

I am at prayers in a church. Music is a sea and I am on it and shall never come again to shore. I think some have drowned in music. There is a scream of silence and I look up. I alone am kneeling.

I am standing at a high window and a great city lies below me. But now there is neither heaven above nor earth beneath. At last I am free and know only horizons. Below gongs clang. They are gathering up a broken form and putting it into a wagon.

I am asleep and know not that I awake. This is death. How pleasant it is. How warm. How soft. Life inaudible but near. A child cries out in an adjoining room.

Were these, life?

What use for me to ask life what it is? But, life, I know what you do. You fashion me from one throb in the dark to run breath-

less by your side evermore. Yet you are not content to make me one alone. I must live in every human thing I see. I slept in every brown body lying in the road in that factory town in India. I am in each smile or little anguish of her jewelled princesses. I cannot pass a cabin in my Southland but what some shred of myself toils and hopes there. And with those who pant so fiercely to possess this earth, they who plotted that this ship should go without sails through the water, they who point vast buildings to the sky and dart like birds in machines beneath it—I am with them, too. I want you, life! I want to run freely over the face of the earth! Stop shutting your doors in my face! Do you know how cunning my mind is? Have I ever told you my dreams?

I want life! I want love! Break this bond of mean service, that I may bear my children to play beneath the sun. They are crying to be born. I have come across the sea to speak wise words. Ah, but life is wiser and stronger than all words! I know why the folk of the earth bear children. They are testimony to courage. They are the exultation of being. They carry life on, but my words sink beneath the burden.

But my words shall be strong and beautiful. Bearing that weakest part of me, they yet shall bear it well. I do not know what life is, but I know what it does. Because of my ignorance I shall be greedy for knowledge. Because I know loneliness I shall have friends. Out of tears I shall seek men. Out of laughter, God.

How amusing when one rises up because I sit down beside him. Black and white must not mix! How amusing that I should be asked what I think. All day long questioning eyes follow me. How droll to be the center of attention everywhere.

The shadows of smiles splash my face now, with this moonlight. How quaint to be such an infinitely knowing speck in all this vast, dark sea.

By this ache I know He has heard my laughter. O God! . . . O God! . . . O God! . . .

## IX

My dear Bootiful:

I have had such fun playing with the children in some of the countries I have been visiting that I thought you might like to hear a little bit about them. The first country I stopped in was England. Have you been able to find England on the map? Some of you have read about Christopher Robin in *When We Were Very Young*. Well, England is the home of Christopher Robin, and one day when I went out walking over the heath (which is like a big open park) I saw several little boys who looked like Christopher. They were out taking walks, or playing with little dogs or with other little boys and girls. Do you remember the poem about "changing guards at Buckingham Palace . . . Christopher Robin goes down with Alice?" I saw them changing guards at Buckingham Palace the last morning I spent in London. The guards were all dressed in bright red suits with shining buttons and stripes and high black hats with plumes, and they sat very erect, holding their guns and looking very serious indeed. They sat on great big beautiful horses which stand at the big gates that open into Buckingham Palace, where the King and Queen of England live.

It was raining very, very hard while I was in Paris. (If you have a map handy you can trace the way I went from London, in England, to Dover and then on a little boat from Dover to Calais across the English Channel, and then from Calais to Paris.) I did not see many children about but I saw the most beautiful parks in which they must play when there is plenty of sunshine. Their parks are very old and some of them were planned by the old kings of France and are filled with trees and flowers and lakes.

From Paris I took a train to Geneva, Switzerland. I know you

have seen pictures of the very high mountains covered with snow, known as the Alps. The most beautiful of these peaks can be seen from Geneva—out across a blue, blue lake and rising against a blue, blue sky. It stands covered with snow and is called Mount Blanc, which means White Mountain.

I had dinner one night in the home of a little boy and girl who could speak English and French and German. They did not stay up long, but very soon after dinner said good-night, because they had to get up very early for school the next morning.

I took the train from Geneva and travelled back to the southern part of France to a city on the Mediterranean Sea called Marseilles, and there I got on a boat which had many many little girls and boys on it going out to India with their fathers and mothers. They had such a good time all the way out, for most of them had brought along all their toys—their tricycles and bicycles and teddy bears and dolls and games and story books. They played up and down the deck of the ship and very often they took part in the ship games. One day the little ones about a year and a half or two years old had a crawling race, to see which one could crawl to his mother fastest. They did have such a good time!

Our ship sailed down the Mediterranean Sea for five days, and then we came to a city in Egypt and stopped for a few hours. Then we sailed down the Suez Canal and then into the Red Sea. We saw many of the places which you hear about in your Sunday school lessons when you study from the Old Testament. We saw the place where Moses crossed the Red Sea, and Mount Sinai where the ten commandments were given, and Mount Ararat where Noah's Ark landed! From the Red Sea we went into the Arabian Sea, and after living for twenty-one days in the little boat we got on in Marseilles, we came to India.

There were many many children on the streets in the Indian cities. The babies are pretty little ones, with soft brown bodies and large pretty eyes and black hair. When they are very young their mother carries them on her side—one foot of the baby goes around



the mother's back and the other comes around the front. It doesn't look very comfortable but the baby seems quite happy.

It is so very hot in India that the babies do not wear any clothes while they are at play. When a girl begins to grow up she wears a little dress just like her mother's, called a "sari." It is a long straight cloth, usually of red or green if the child lives in the South, or any of the other colors that we know if she lives in the North, and this cloth is wrapped around the waist and then draped over the shoulder and is very pretty. Most of the children wear earrings and many of them wear anklets and a few of the children in the country wear rings in their noses and on their toes.

One afternoon I played games with some little girls between eight and twelve years old. They could speak a little English and they could follow signs very well. Another morning I went to one of their schools, and they sang songs for me just like the ones I've heard in the kindergartens at home, and they played many of the same games.

We took another boat from Calcutta and sailed southward on the Bay of Bengal, to the little Island of Burma. We saw large numbers of children, boys and girls, in school and they played and sang for us. The boys and girls dress very much alike and often unless you look at their heads you can't tell them apart. The little boys wear the hair cut very short and the little girls wear braids or have the hair cut around the sides, with a long bit left on the top which they twist into a little knot. They always leave their shoes at the door when they enter a room and I wish you could hear the musical patter of their feet as they march into chapel. The dress is a straight piece of bright-colored silk made into a skirt which is tucked into a string around the waist, and a little white waist over that.

From Burma our boat sailed southward again to Singapore. You can find it by looking very near the equator. And when we reached Singapore we curved around the Island and turned northward to China. The only children I saw in Singapore were little girls about

ten years old tapping rubber trees. The rubber trees look something like our sycamore trees or perhaps more like our birch, and they grow in large numbers in Singapore.

These little girls were going from tree to tree emptying little cups of sap which had dripped from cuts made through the bark of the tree. The rubber looks like a thick buttermilk. When the little girl gets as much as she can lift in her pail, she takes it to a factory, where it is treated and comes out in thick white sheets. Many of our automobile tires and rubbers and rubber heels come from these very trees. We saw, too, a few little boys about twelve years old, climbing the tall cocoanut trees to get fresh cocoanut milk, which is very sweet and cooling if you are taking a long walk.

It was winter time in China and the children looked like great big rubber dolls, because their clothes are so thickly padded. They seem to roll around. The little bits of babies fall and never get hurt because the padded clothes protect them. It is in China and in Japan that the mother carries her babies on her back. They are wrapped well and then tied on her back, and you can see only the little round face with sparkling eyes peeping through. They wear bright, bright colors; little girls wear reds and yellows and greens and little boys wear mostly blues.

I went to a party a group of children were having because it was their New Year holiday. They had such a good time rolling over each other and singing songs and playing games. All the children all over China always smile at you as you pass them, and even though they cannot speak English they wave their hands when you say "hello."

From China we went to Japan, and how much we loved the children there! They wear pretty, very pretty little kimonos, and they run and play and have such a good time. We happened to be there during the girls' Doll Festival, and we went to the homes of two little girls to see their festival. Every girl has one on the third day of the third month of the year. She has dolls to represent the Emperor and Empress, the court ladies, the court musicians, the

court guards, and then toys which represent everything in the house—the things they eat, little lacquer trays and bowls and chopsticks, little wardrobes and mirrors and chests, even toy foods. This is an old, old custom of Japan and some of the girls have the toys which belonged to their mothers and grandmothers and great-grandmothers.

I saw a little boy five years old whose aunt told me that he drew very well. I asked him if he would draw something for us. He said in Japanese to his aunt, "Oh, these worrisome foreigners!" but he got his little drawing book and drew little trains and autos and airplanes. He was a real little artist.

You will be surprised to know that we saw children in India and China and Japan playing jack-stones, sometimes with a rubber ball and sometimes without; flying kites—boys have kites shaped like butterflies and june-bugs and beetles and all kinds of flowers; spinning tops; jumping rope; swinging; playing tag; cutting out paper dolls; playing ball; and I suppose if I had stayed longer I should have seen them doing all the things you do. So you see the world is very much the same wherever you go. I hope some day you can see all these places and many more.

Lovingly,

JULIETTE DERRICOTTE.

## X

THE white columns of Robert E. Lee Hall were gathering up the last of the light as twilight came in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Girls were clustered on the wide porch of the Hall and on the steps. They were all talking about the same thing, for from time to time a girl would dart to a new group to repeat what she had just said to the last.

"I tell you, it's shameful. I feel perfectly humiliated."

"Do you suppose she cared?"

"Do you suppose she cared! Did you see her face? And Miss Meares', too!"

"Why can't a Negro eat with us? My mother says—"

"You know it's the management. But I declare I can't sit through this conference talking about Christian love when we've sent a woman like Miss Derricotte off to eat in a closet as if she were a leper or something."

"It really wasn't a closet, you know. It's a small room off the dining room. And some white people were with her."

"That's just it. If she could eat with some why couldn't she eat with all of us?"

"Back home we wouldn't stand for it. We're still pretty conservative."

"Conservative! What's the use of talking about this Christian business if we've got to do things like this!"

"You know the people back home—"

"And it's something Negroes have to put up with most everywhere."

"We aren't ready yet—"

But those who apologized were overwhelmed by the others.

"This is our conference. We shouldn't have it unless it means what we want it to to us."

"Leaving out Christianity, I feel so unkind, so plain discourteous. I don't see how we can talk again of southern culture."

"Here she comes!"

Juliette Derricotte came through the door followed by some of the students and secretaries. She was laughing and there was self-control in the cheery voice.

"I think it is just too wonderful of her," said a wisp of a girl with yellow curls.

Later at the evening meeting Juliette arose to address the student conference. At first she talked lightly about her travels. Scenes and people flashed before the faces of the girls as she recounted parts of her trip to India.

"It brought me here to you tonight. There were some things in my country I said I would never do. There were some things I believed I could not go through with. It was in India that I realized that I needed not courage, but love. It was there that I wanted to come to you; I wanted to so much, that you could set no difficulty great enough to stop me in my way. I wanted to tell you the things in my heart. I wanted to know the things in yours. This is my Southland, too. Shall we be forever strangers and neighbors?"

"Tonight I did not break bread with you. But I stand here to break with you a more precious bread, that truth which is only to be found on some altar of sacrifice.

"It will not always be as it is now. You will not suffer another to come as I have come. You will not ask another to sit shamed and apart from you. But if I had not come you could not have known how pitiful is that pride built on the color of skin.

"The truth shall make us free. Since you know already the freedom of color-caste, I tell you it will seem a thing of chains compared to that freedom of the spirit which shall be yours.

"I am infinitely glad that you asked me to come; that I came. I think this day shall be a day of joy forever among us."

## XI

WHEN Juliette took up her duties as dean of women at Fisk University it seemed one of the most surprising things she had ever done in her life. Now, looking out of Magnolia Cottage on this bright November morning it seemed to her that, logical as the whole thing had been, nevertheless it was queer that she should be staying indefinitely on a campus after having come and gone on so many. Jubilee Hall. There it stood, the famous old hall of the university, dedicated to those first singers who went out with the plaintive songs of the slaves, that the children of those slaves might have the white man's learning.

Across the campus young men and women were hurrying to and fro. It was football day and the very air seemed tense with the coming struggle of the game and the gayety of the high hopes for victory. Some sort of demonstration in preparation for the afternoon was holding forth, for across the square came the college band, shrilling and pounding, while behind it followed a queue of rollicking students. Into the chapel they piled for a last practice and noisy demonstration.

The time at Fisk had been happy. Different years from those as student secretary, to be sure, but good ones. In some ways a little more difficult. In some ways, not.

How these brown boys and girls gloried in their school! Cut off from so much of what should have been their normal life in the city, they had made of the university a little world of their own. There was an intensity of life here that a school incorporated in the total life of a community could never know. There were so many problems here. All the personal ones of adolescence becoming adult; the everlasting struggle of poverty to keep pace with afflu-



ence; of petty affluence to pose as something more than it is.

There were more profound problems too, for these young men and women questioned their relation to a world that denied them many chances, and bitterness found much ready soil. And there was raillery at any suggestion of more than human guidance in a world so obviously, so pitifully topsy-turvy. More than one night Juliette had lain wide-eyed far into the night, going deep into her soul to bring forth those securities with which she could face the morrow. How glad, how infinitely glad she was at those times for all the richness of her life that had gone before.

A girl was coming down the path. "Oh, Dean Derricotte," she said, "my mother is coming for the game today and I want you to meet her."

"I'm so glad she can come. But you know I am going to Athens to see my own mother today. I am so sorry to miss the game, but this seems the best time. Do tell her how sorry I am not to have the chance to know her."

"I will. Hope you have a nice trip."

It was so difficult to get away. And this week-end was the best time of the fall. She was not fully recovered from the sickness that had troubled her all the summer, but she would not be driving the car herself. It would be good to go home. And then her mother would be assured that she was really better.

She went into the cottage to get her things, for the boy had turned the corner with the car.

Three students went with her, one the boy to drive. One of the girls lived in Athens and the other would leave them in Atlanta. Going across the campus the students waved them goodbye. It was hard to be going away on the day of a game, but then it was always good to be going home.

The four in the car laughed and chatted. All the way to Chattanooga they were gay, and in that city they stopped with friends for lunch and a bit of rest and then continued their way to Atlanta. When they had gone about ten miles from the city and were near



the little town of Dalton, Juliette suddenly wanted to drive. She felt so well and strong and it was sheer joy to be at the wheel, flying along the highway. But the boy thought she was not strong enough to do this yet. Oh, but she was! She was! Some curious exultation of living had welled up in her. So the boy yielded the wheel and Juliette, with light laughter, sped the car along.

Yes, her hands were quite steady, but the road seemed to twist a bit when it should have run straight as a ribbon ahead. A car was coming. There was plenty of room. But the road was twisting again. She could pass——

There was a crash. Two bodies shot through the air and the car spun over into the ditch.

— —

In the little town of Dalton the white doctor did what he could. It was evident that one girl could not live, the other two students were painfully injured, while the fourth—it was hard to tell. Her injuries were very severe. There was a colored woman who did occasional nursing in her home. That was the place to send her, said the white doctor.

The hospital of the town stood not far away. Its beds were cool and white. Skilled hands there could gently move poor tortured flesh.

But this was a Negro woman!

So they took her to the home of the colored woman. Her condition was so terrible, so much must be done at once if life could be saved, that it was agreed to take her back the ten miles to Chattanooga. At midnight the ambulance car arrived from Chattanooga and then began the cruel ride back with the broken, pain-racked body.

— —

In spite of the careful driving the car swerved from side to side and Juliette, stretched out on the ambulance rack within, tried to

summon strength enough to groan for ease from the terrific pains in her sides and back. But a weight lay on her chest and she could only open and close her eyes in a flickering agony. The doctor bending over her held his long fingers steadily to her pulse.

Bits of a stormy sky sped past the car windows; it was a black night and the few stars were cold and remote. . . .

There were people clustered near the shore of a lake. They were singing and the water took the music away. A rain of tiny lights came down to the water's edge and slipped with the music and the wind into the little waves. . . . *She who has opened our hearts tonight to the low voice of God because she has not kept from us the dark beauty of her people . . . we sing the songs of her people. . . . If you love Him why not follow. . . .*

The lake drew to a disk of light. The driver had stopped the car at a crossroad and the glare of an electric arc fell full upon her face.

Pitch and lurch. Pitch and lurch. The sea. Quieter now, and to the very rail moonlight poured from a silver hive at the horizon. To dare to cross the seas to speak of love! What lies! What lies! *The sea is his and He made it and his hands prepared the dry land.* What shall I say to these who gather in a strange land? They burn and slay my people in a land called at its birth The Free. In fields and cabin, yes, even in the cavernous streets of the cities, Fear is a hand with talons outspread. *But the sea is his and He made it and his hands . . . his hands . . . the sea . . .*

How her mother would grieve. The mother stood by the gate. A peach tree loosed all its blossoms at once and they fell in a cloud. Yet the fragrance was incense. And the roof of the house curled at the corners. Sandaled feet went within the temple. The face near her own that spoke happiness without smiling was warm saffron. . . . *The Master of All Life has heard your words. You have spoken from the deeper than Now. Love is a fire that burns away dross. When your people are free they shall remember that you promised it. . . .* There is so much more to know than I have ever known.

There is so much more to love than I am accustomed to loving. . . .

She opened her eyes again with pain. She would die and this terrible trip be for nothing. Back in the town a troubled black face had bent over her, the heavy lips . . . *po' chile, po' chile* . . . she would die. Services would be held in the chapel. But the students were running over the square. Banners were red. On the field she joined in the game. How light to run! How light to run! She fell with a crash and her breath was gone. They put her on a stretcher and marched around the field. Shouting! Shouting! The sun was a flood on brown faces. A wind blew every banner high.

The doctor opened the window more and the cold wind swept over her face.

If the others lived she would not mind dying. The other girl—torn mask with troubled breathing. She would not mind dying. The world is tomorrow. To die. Jesus was thirty-two. Thirty-four. Anne was twenty-five. Little sister so long—grown. Tomorrow—mother. . . . A letter to Margaret in England. Jane would come from New York to get her. She would be a long time in the hospital. Chattanooga. Thirty-four.

It was no use trying to run up the hill. She could not get her breath. It was better to sit in this pocket of green. April was a silver poplar. So many creatures bent the blades of grass. Earth was always cool. Earth on the lips was cool. Earth on the brow was cool. Hold to the earth. Hold grasses. Hold to the earth. . . . The company was coming up the hill. She must call to them so they would come to her. She stood and called. The company stopped below with upturned faces. Her words filled the little valley. The words left her lips quietly but swelled to a roar even as they spread toward the blue. . . . *Who would true valor see, let him come hither!* . . . Uplifted hands below were lilies in a wind. . . . *Who would true valor see, let him come hither!* . . . The people were coming toward her now. Those near were running. Their faces were darkening. Snarls. She ran into a white man. *Kill her! Kill her!* Every clutching hand a vise of pain. *String her up!* Higher and

higher into the tree. Her breath was coming easier. She was in its branches. Tree-rocked and cool. . . . *Who would true valor see, let him come hither!* She fell easily from the tree and lighted deft as a feather in soft green.

The car sighed to a stop. She opened her eyes. It was only a little way now to the city.

On the outskirt street three people stood. A face peered in the high window. She remembered him. He had said, "*You suffer because we are cruel. Think what I suffer who belong to your oppressors. I have looked deep into the heart of black folk and have seen the face of my God. Your bonds are my bonds until you are free.*" . . .

In the street the man turned away from the window. He said it was only a nigger woman and it looked as if she were dying.

## XII

THEY cut the red earth of Georgia and made her grave. The amazed citizens of Athens heard that from around the world messages of grief and love poured into their town. Many wished that they had known her. But she who had known them so much better than they knew her was quiet now in a great silence and the last leaves of autumn fell upon the earth where she lay.



